



SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, fearing that Helen will find him out. He consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Fresno, glee club singer from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to discredit Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race. Willie, the gunman, declares the trainer will go back east packed in ice. If Speed falls, a telegram comes from Covington saying he is in jail at Omaha for ten days. Glass in a panic forces Speed to begin training in earnest. The cowboys force Speed to eat in the training quarters and prepare him a diet of very rare meat. Miss Blake bakes a cake for Speed and is offended when Larry refuses to allow him to eat it. Covington arrives on crutches. He says he broke his toe in Omaha. Mrs. Keap, engaged to Covington and in love with Jack Chapin, exposes Speed to Helen, because Speed had failed to prevent Covington from joining the party.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Will you marry me?" asked J. Wallingford Speed.

"The idea!" Miss Blake gasped.

"Will you?"

"Please don't speak that way. When a man cares for a woman, he doesn't deceive her—he tells her everything. You told me you were a great runner, and I believed you. I'll never believe you again. Of course, I shall believe to you in a perfectly friendly manner, but underneath the surface I shall be consumed with indignation." Miss Blake commenced to be consumed. "See! You don't acknowledge your perjury even now."

"What's the use? If I said I couldn't run, and then beat the cook, you'd believe I deceived you again. And suppose that I can't beat him?"

"Then I shall know they have told me the truth."

"And if, on the other hand, I should win?" Miss Blake's eyes fell—"Helen, would you marry me?" Speed started toward her, but she had fled out into the twilight.

Dusk was settling over stretches of purple land, and already the room was peopled by shadows. Work was over; there were sounds of cheerful preparations for supper; from the house came faint chords of laughter.

It was the hush that precedes the evening as it does the dawn; the hour of reverie, in which all music is sweet, and forgotten faces arise to haunt.

Speed stood where the girl had left him, miserable, hopeless, helpless. And certainly his love was lost. He had stayed on in the stubborn superstitious belief that something would surely happen to relieve him from his predicament—fortune had never failed him before—and instead, every day, every incident, had served to involve him deeper. Now she knew! It was her golden heart that had held her true thus far, but could any devotion



"I Love You!" Wally Said.

survive the sight of humiliation such as he would suffer on the morrow? Already he heard the triumphant jeers of the Centipede henchmen, the angry clamor of the Flying Heart, the mocking laughter of his rival.

He groaned aloud. Forsooth, a broken toe! Of all the countless tens of thousands of toes in Christendom, the one he had hung his salvation upon had proven weaker than a reed. What cruel jest of Fate was this? If Fate had wished to break a toe why had she not selected, out of all the billions at her disposal, that of some other athlete than Culver Covington—even his own.

J. Wallingford Speed started suddenly and paled. He had remembered

that no one could force a crippled man to run.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I'll do it!"

He crossed quickly to the bunkhouse door and looked in. The room was empty. The supper-bell pealed out, and he heard the cowmen answer it. Now was the appointed moment; he might have no other. With cat-like tread he slipped into the sleeping quarters, returning in a moment with a revolver. He stared thankfully at the weapon—better this than dishonor.

"Why didn't I think of it before? It's perfectly simple. I'll accidentally shoot myself—in the foot!"

But even as he gazed at the gun he saw that the muzzle was as large as a gopher-hole. A bullet of that size would sink a ship, he meditated in a panic; and as for his foot—what frightful execution it would work! But—it was better to lose a foot than a foot-race, under present conditions, so he began to unlace his shoe. Then realizing the value of circumstantial evidence, he paused. No! His disability must bear all the earmarks of an accident. He must guess the location of his smallest and least important toe, and trust the rest to his marksman-ship. Visions of blood-poisoning beset him, and when he pressed the muzzle against the point of his shoe his hand shook with such a palsy that he feared he might miss. He steered himself with the thought that other men had snuffed out life itself in this manner, then sat down upon the floor and cocked the weapon a second time. He wondered if the shock might, by any chance, numb him into unconsciousness. If so, he might bleed to death before assistance arrived. But he had nothing to do with that. The only question was, which foot. He regarded them both tenderly. They were nice feet, and had done him many favors. He loved every toe; they were almost like innocent children. It was a dastardly deed to take advantage of them thus, but—he advanced the revolver until it pressed firmly against the outside of his left foot, then closed his eyes, and called upon his courage. There came a great roaring in his ears.

How long he sat thus waiting for the explosion he did not know, but he opened his eyes at length to find the foot still intact, and the muzzle of the weapon pointing directly at his instep. He altered his aim hurriedly, when, without warning of any sort, a man's figure appeared silhouetted against the window.

The figure dropped noiselessly to the floor inside the room, and cried, in a strange voice:

"Lock those doors! Quick!"

Finding that it was no hallucination, Speed rose, calling out:

"Who are you?"

"Sh-h-h!" The stranger darted across the room and bolted both doors, while the other felt a chill of apprehension at these sinister precautions. He grasped his revolver firmly while his heart thumped. The fellow's appearance was anything but reassuring: he was swarthy and sun-browned, his clothes were ragged, his overalls were patched; instead of a coat, he wore a loosely flapping vest over a black sateen shirt, long since rusted out to a nondescript brown.

"I've been trying to get to you for a week," announced the mysterious visitor hoarsely.

"What do you want? Who are you?"

"I'm Skinner, cook for the Centipede."

"The man I race?"

"Not so loud." Skinner was straining for the faintest sound from the direction of the mess-house.

"I'll kill him!" exclaimed the Eastern lad. But the other forestalled a murder by running on, rapidly:

"Listen, now! Hump and I jobbed this gang last month; we're partners, see? He's got another race framed at Pocatello, and I want to make a get-away—"

"Yes! yes! you needn't stay here—on my account."

"Now don't let's take any chances to-morrow, see? We're both out for the coin. What do you want to do—win or lose?" Skinner jumped back to the door and listened.

"What?"

"Don't stall!" the stranger cried, impatiently. "Will I win or will you? What's it worth?" He clipped his words short, his eyes darted furtive glances here and there.

"Can I win?" gasped Speed.

"You can if there's enough in it for me. I'm broke, see? You bet five hundred, and we'll cut it two ways."

"I haven't that much with me."

"Borrow it. Don't be a boob. Meet me in Albuquerque Sunday, and we'll split there."

"Is that all I have to do?"

"Certainly. What's the matter with you, anyhow?" Skinner cast a suspicious glance at his companion.

"I—I guess I'm rattled—it's all so sudden."

"Of course you'll have to run fast enough so we don't tip off."

"How fast is that?"

"Oh, ten-four," carelessly. "That's what Humpy and I did."

"Ten and four-fifths—seconds?"

"Certainly. Don't kid me! They're liable to break in on us."

"Mr. Skinner, I—I can't run that fast. Fifteen is going some for me."

"What!" Skinner stared at his opponent strangely.

"That's right. I'm a lemon."

"Ain't you the Yale champ? The guy that goes under 'even time'?"

Wally shook his head. "I'm his chum. I couldn't catch a cramp."

The brown face of the Centipede sprinter split into a grin, his eyes gleamed. "Then I'll win," said he.

"I'm the sucker, but I'll make good. Get your money down, and I'll split with you."

"No, no! Not you! Me! I must win!" Speed clutched his caller desperately.

"All right, I'll frame anything; but I can't run any slower than I did with Joe and make a live of it. They'd shoot us both."

"But there's a girl in this—a girl I love. It means more than mere life."

Skinner was plainly becoming nervous at the length of the interview.

"Couldn't you fall down?" inquired the younger man, timidly.

The cook laughed derisively. "I could fall down twice and beat you in fifteen." After an instant's thought:

"Say, there's one chance, if we don't run straight away. There's a corral out where we race; you insist on running around it, see? There's nothing in the articles about straightaways. That'll kid 'em on the time. If I get too far ahead, I'll fall down."

"But will you stay down? Till I catch up?"

"Sure! Leave it to me."

"You won't forget, or anything like that?"

"Certainly not. But no rough work."



A Man's Figure Appeared at the Window.

In front of the cowboys, understand? Sh-h-h!"

Skinner vaulted lightly through the window, landing in the dirt outside without a sound. "Somebody coming," he whispered. "Understand: Merchants' Hotel, Albuquerque, noon, Sunday." And the next instant he had vanished into the dusk, leaving behind him a youth half hysterical with hope.

Out of the blackest gloom had come J. Wallingford Speed's deliverance, telling me about this foot-race. What in the deuce is the matter with you, anyhow? Why didn't you let me know?"

The girls drew closer, and Speed saw that Miss Blake was pale.

"I wouldn't have allowed it for a minute. Now, of course, I'm going to call it off."

"Oh, Jack, dear, you simply can't!" exclaimed his sister. "You've no idea the state the boys are in."

"They'll never let you, Chapin," supplemented Fresno.

The master laughed shortly. "They and he did not pause to consider the ethics involved. With light heart he hastened to replace the borrowed revolver in the bunk-room just as voices coming nearer betokened the arrival of his friends from the house. As he stepped out into the night he came upon Jack Chapin.

"Hello, Jack!" They shook hands, while the owner of the Flying Heart continued.

"I've just got in, and they've been won't, eh? Who is boss here, I'd like to know?"

"They've bet a lot of money. And you know how they feel about that photograph."

"It's the most idiotic thing I ever heard of. Whatever possessed you, Wally? If the men make a row, I'll have to smuggle you and Glass over to the railroad to-night."

"I'm for that," came the voice of Larry.

"I suppose it's all my fault," Miss Blake began wretchedly, whereat the object of their general solicitude took on an aspect of valor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Prophetic Retort.

The governor of Virginia, at a time when Washington as a mere youth ventured to remonstrate against the injustice of a certain decree, turned fiercely upon the young man and inquired:

"And who the dickens are you, sir?"

With a cold but courteous bow, the young Virginian, drawing himself up to his proud height, frigidly replied:

"Nobody in particular just now, but for the future, sir, somebody in general."

The haughty emphasis on the word general, it is said, sent a cold chill running up and down the governor's spine, which it required seven mint juleps and six bottles of port to relieve—Judge.

CONSERVATION OF GAME AND FISH

CONFISCATION OF NETS SAVES AN ANNUAL YIELD OF 500,000 POUNDS OF FISH.

VALUE IS PLACED AT \$50,000

Department Collects Information—Each Net Taken Means Saving of 500 to 1,000 Pounds of Fish.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Frankfort, Ky.—In his first report to the general assembly since the department was created Executive Agent J. Q. Ward, of the game and fish commission, is preparing some figures to show what the conservation of game and fish means to the people of the state in food values, as well as in other ways. He collected information from every available source and has taken the statements of fishermen who have made a livelihood on the rivers as to what their catches amount to in a year. Their estimates of the yearly average yields of such nets as have been confiscated in the streams of Kentucky vary from 500 to 1,000 pounds each. Mr. Ward estimates approximately 1,000 nets were in use. This would yield an annual total of 500,000 pounds from the streams and at 10 cents a pound that would mean \$50,000.

New Charters Issued.

The articles of incorporation filed with Secretary of State Creelias follow:

Cumberland Real Estate Agency, Pineville; \$500. J. A. Whitaker, T. R. Ware and A. B. Gilbert.

The Mint Cola Sanitary Bottling Co., Lexington; \$10,000. J. M. Martin, C. S. Kirk and Sam Walton.

Boston Starter Co., Louisville; \$5,000. H. W. Watson, George A. Chrisman and Grady Cary. Automobile supplies.

Williamson Lumber Co., Lexington; \$50,000. John R. Williamson, Oliver R. Williamson and J. Ross Williamson.

Board of Missions of the Methodist Church South, Lexington; no capital. B. C. Horton, P. C. Eversole, C. A. Tague, Leonidas Robinson, R. F. Gordon, J. W. Gardner, C. B. Van Arsdale, J. M. McIntire and W. M. Cropper.

Cumberland and Development Co., Frankfort; \$100,000. T. P. Rogers, T. B. McGregor, John C. Rogers and C. G. Hanscorn.

Colored "Chauffeurs" Club, Lexington; \$500. Louis Smith, Bush Mitchell, Jerome Tyler, Keen Ross, Lonna Ballenger, James Johnson, James Floyd, Phillip Jewett, Newton Thomas, Chas. H. Richardson, Carter Brown, Patrick Slaughter and Dudley Seals.

Restored to Citizenship.

Gov. McCreary restored to citizenship Will Johnson, of Pike county, who served a year and ten months for shooting and wounding and who is represented as having lived an upright life since his discharge; Willard Johnson, of Pike county, who served a year for breaking into a store house in 1906 when he was a mere lad, and who has since behaved properly; Walter Blackburn, a Ballard county youth, who served two years for forgery, and whose application was signed by Circuit Judge Bugg, the commonwealth's attorney, and all the county officials, and Robert Fee, of Harlan county, who served two years for robbery, and who has since conducted himself as a good citizen.

Children of Confederacy.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of the Children of the Confederacy, held its first meeting of the season at the home of Mr. E. G. Robinson, New York. There were reports of the philanthropic, social, educational and historical work done by the chapter, including the three scholarships supported in the South to aid the poor children in the mountains of Kentucky and Virginia. Mrs. Frederick A. Wallis, president of the Society of Kentucky Women, attended the meeting.

Farmers' Institute Dates.

The following dates for County Farmers' Institutes have been assigned by Commissioner of Agriculture J. W. Newman: Pine Mountain, Harlan county, and Lagrange, November 3 and 4; Pineville and Knottville, Daviess county, November 5 and 6; Harboursville and Seebree, November 7 and 8; Williamsburg, November 10 and 11.

Kentucky P. M.'s Named.

Kentucky postmasters were named as follows: Claymour, Todd county, J. W. Helesley, vice W. E. Tunstall, resigned; Columbus, Hickman county, L. Snell, vice E. E. Bowers, removed.

Must Pay City Taxes.

The B. F. McCormick Lumber Co., of Winchester, must pay to that city taxes for the past five years, as it is not a manufacturing institution exempted from taxation by ordinance. The reason given by the appellate court for arriving at this conclusion is that the company took over the business of the Reliance Manufacturing Co., and that when it began business it was not a new manufacturing institution located in the city, and did not comply with Section 170 of the constitution.

Cirt Files Near Frankfort, Ky.

Gov. James Bennett McCreary, 75 years old, probably the oldest chief executive serving in any state, donned overalls, took a pick and worked on River road, near Frankfort.

Hundreds of men were busy repairing and building highways in every county of the state in pursuance to the Governor's proclamation. Women in many of the communities prepared barbecued dinners for the workers.

Hundreds of miles of highway were benefited without one cent of cost to the state or to taxpayers, save for the time of the volunteers.

The particular strip of road which engaged the personal attention of the Executive is the River road in Frankfort county running along the bend of the Kentucky river from the Louisville & Nashville toll bridge, just across the river from Frankfort, around to the city limits on the South Side, where the Louisville pike leaves Second street. Since the St. Clair-street bridge, connecting the downtown section with South Frankfort, where the capitol is located, has been closed for repairs, Gov. McCreary has been riding between the mansion and the capitol in his brougham over the River road. The jolting he has received twice a day for more than a week has made him fully cognizant of the needs of that particular strip of road. At the last session of the City Council the county authorities were memorialized to have the road repaired, as all the traffic to and from the South Side now goes around that way.

Commissioner of Roads R. C. Terrell was on the River road, too, and County Road Engineer R. L. Wiley had a force of men there.

County Road Engineer Wiley worked hard to stimulate interest in the good roads days, and while the response has not been general, squads of citizens were out in various parts of the county.

Commissioner Terrell devoted part time to Franklin county and part to Trimble county, assisting in supervising the work there.

Visit Kentucky Mines.

A large party of Chicago and St. Louis coal consumers, who visited the Eastern Kentucky mines of the Consolidated Coal company on the Sandy Valley and Elkhorn, the Baltimore and Ohio subsidiary in that state passed through Cincinnati. The party came to Cincinnati over the Chesapeake & Ohio, connection from Sandy Valley road being made at Shelby, Ky.

The object of the trip was to show steel, gas and coke by-product manufacturers the Consolidated's 100,000-acre coal tract operations. In the near future it is expected that other holdings of that company, 200,000 acres in extent, will be placed on a producing basis. The Sandy Valley and Elkhorn will be extended to McRoberts, to which point the Louisville & Nashville has built, and other points in that vicinity.

At the present time the Sandy Valley road is handling a little over 100,000 tons of coal per day, or about 3,700,000 tons per year.

Will Form Forestry Clubs.

Boys' and Girls' Forestry Clubs similar in plan to the Corn and Canning Clubs, will be organized in Kentucky, under the joint auspices of the Forestry, Agricultural and Educational Departments, if a resolution adopted by the State Forestry Commission is carried out. The idea primarily is educational; but it is hoped it will evaluate in initiating a scheme of reforestation. If possible the plan is to be worked out through the schools. The club members are to plant nut and fruit trees, studying grafting, pruning, budding, spraying, and all the other practical features of tree culture. Their products are to be exhibited at the State Fair in competition for prizes. State Forester Barton will furnish the information to the clubs, and hickory, chestnut, pecan and walnut trees will be planted. The Commission approved the appointment as nurseryman of Joseph N. Zetter, who is in charge of the tree nursery at Louisville. Present at the meeting were Gov. McCreary, Commissioner of Agriculture Newman, Joseph Kastle, Director of the Experiment Station; Mrs. Mason Maury, of Louisville; W. H. Mackoy, of Covington, and Forester J. E. Barton.

Illinois Central Hearing.

The Illinois Central had a hearing before the State Board of Valuation and Assessment in regard to the 1913 assessment of the road. The assessment of the total capital was tentatively reduced \$2,000,000 from the 1912 assessment on account of the flood damage in Western Kentucky, making the tentative valuation \$25,000,000. Attorneys for the road contended, as they did last year, that the road has no franchise value in this state, the assessment of its tangible property, \$12,381,000 covering its full value; but they offered to pay \$1,000,000 franchise assessment. The board took no final action.

May Accept Assessment.

After raising a question as to the sufficiency of the notice of the hearing under the ruling of Judge Cochran in the tax suits in the Federal Court, attorneys for the Louisville & Nashville agreed to waive the thirty days' notice if the Board of Valuation and Assessment would postpone the hearing on the 1913 assessment until November 15. It is understood that the attorneys intimated that the road might be willing to pay on an assessment equal to the amount fixed by Judge Cochran.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 2

BALAK AND BALAAM.

LESSON TEXT—Numbers 22:1-4, 23:10-15. Read Numbers chs. 21-24. GOLDEN TEXT—"A double-minded man, unstable in all his ways." Jas. 1:8.

Following our last lesson the Israelites marched along the borders of the wilderness meeting with much opposition. In Num. 20 we are told of the death of Aaron. They met Arad (21:1-3) and overthrew him. Moving around Edom was a difficult process and the people became discouraged. Again they murmured against God and against Moses. Swift punishment followed in the form of fiery serpents, Num. 21:4-11. Confessing their sins Moses interceded on their behalf and the look at a brazen serpent suggested to them the necessary attitude of faith towards God. After sundry wanderings, the dwelling among the Amorites and the overthrow of sundry tribes, we come to their encounter with Balak. As they journeyed the report of their victories preceded them and Balak sought to protect himself against these strange "people come out of Egypt," by other means than that of war, for, said he, "they are covering the face of the earth." See Ex. 15:15.

Little Known About Balaam.

Here Balaam appears upon the scene. Little is known about him. He evidently had a knowledge of Jehovah and yet was a sorcerer or spiritist, dealing with evil spirits, and was, probably, a Midianite.

I. The Call to Curse, Ch. 22:1-6. There are six personal pronouns in verse; Balak sought to fight fire with fire, to save his own face. He feared those whom God blessed. The world today hates those whom God blesses. Had Balak been wise he would have cast in his lot with Israel and not have miserably perished in battle along with his unwilling tool, Balaam. (See Num. 31:8, Josh. 13:22.)

Balaam at first refused Balak's invitation (v. 13), but Balak sends more exalted messengers and greater offers of honor and rewards, promising him honor in the kingdom if he would curse Israel (v. 17). Balaam again returns word that this is impossible (v. 18) for he cannot go beyond the word of Jehovah, not that he was in sympathy with that word at all, but he was conscious of Jehovah's power.

II. A Challenge by the way, Ch. 22:22-35. The angel of Jehovah, as the agent of his anger, interposed to save Balaam from himself. Lust had so blinded his eyes that even an ass saw more clearly than he. God rebuked him and those who trafficked with evil spirits in order to produce results are mocked by the fact that a dumb ass found voice and spoke. Finally, after repeating his conditional permission that he was to speak only the word Jehovah was to give him, he is permitted to proceed with the "princes of Balak."

Balaam a Prophet.

III. The changeless message, Ch. 24. Read carefully the intervening chapters. In them we have the account of Balaam meeting Balak and of his brief but wonderful prophecy concerning Israel. Balaam gives us a wonderful description of one who is a prophet (24:16). He (1) "heareth the words of God," (2) "knoweth the knowledge of the most high," (3) "seeth the vision of the Almighty." Verse 17 is a wonderful prophecy of the Lord Jesus, who is "a star," for he "lighteth every man who cometh into the world." (See also 2 Pet. 1:19.) He is called "a scepter" because of his kingly way (see Lk. 1:32, 33, Heb. 1:8). From the context we read how once his lips were opened he declared a wonderful prophecy concerning these whom Balak considered his enemies and with prophetic eye he sees the coming glory of Israel. Balak's anger is kindled, and he seeks to drive Balaam away, but each time there comes forth from his lips one of these unwelcome prophecies. These marvelous prophecies which fell from Balaam's lips, as an instrument, taught that this entire under world of evil is under control of Jehovah and its curses upon his people are important. He may even compel unwilling instruments, if needful to become agents for the accomplishment of his purposes. Balaam's sad end strikingly illustrates the fact that a man may admire the ideal of righteousness and the beauty of holiness and yet failing to yield his own life to those principles fall utterly in the consummation of his life and his influence. He taught Israel to sin.

The Golden Text. It would almost seem that James must have had Balaam in mind when he wrote these words. Double-minded means "two-minded" and unstable means that we lack foundation, are "not fastened down." James is speaking of the lack of wisdom which may be supplied by asking him who gives liberally, but admonishes us to ask in faith, "nothing wavering." This is a picture of all men who, knowing God, yet deny his power, and for the greed of gain refuse to yield to his claim and so fall in the realization of their true selves.